UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1204.

Original Poetry.

THE WHIRLWIND.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST
BY THE MORRYBIRD.

The whirlwind—the whirlwind—a monarch is he,
And he sweeps a wide region the land and the sea;
And he sees as a shadow, the things of the earth
When he passes along in his mighty career.

When the sky has a face and storms cover it there,
I can see the dark face, for the whirlwind is near;
He is gathering his powers, ere he marshalls them forth,
For his contempt of storm, ocean or earth and earth.

The soft winds that nourish the blossoms and flowers,
Which away from the forests, the fields and the bowers,
To their home of refreshment, the cool caves of rest,
For they know that the king of the tempest is nigh.

He comes on his chariot, the pyramid cloud,
And the sun of his coming is lurid and loud;
For he wantonly has strength, and he shouts in his glee,
That no spot of shelter is to mortals to be.

Who bend not before him where'er he may go,
With a sweep of his right hand he leaves them low;
For no obstacle stands in his path, and his path
Like the youth of a despot, is iron and wrath.

But he makes for himself a clear track as he goes,
The high and the proud like a reaper he mows:
The tallest of trees as the old leaves lands,
And the pride of the grand is as nought where he stands.

Then he leaves away where the wide waters sweep,
And rides the most ship on the wild billows asleep,
But his strength is not there, and he passes it by,
Till they leap in their waves and break free to the sky.

Yet the mountain of rock, as the mountain of sand,
Still spreads the freely, for these not his power—
Nature rests for the storms, and remembers the dell,
And the small flower that lives on its fairy like smell.

For many from the breath of his intense gale,
The flower and the cloud are reduced to the pale;
And the rest that stands low, reach the sheltering hill,
Is vain when the vengeance is striking its will.

For the whirlwind—the whirlwind—is monarch to-day,
And he wears a wide region the land and the sea,
And he sees as a shadow, the things of the earth
When he passes along in his mighty career.

Lower Merrionboro', 1844.

TO AN ONLY SISTER.
FAR AWAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

Stars of our HOME—our home! listen to thee—
Thou art our one spot—our sacred spot!
Still beacon light which guides my destiny
Unerringly, unquiet as the star beyond,
How dost glad memory linger on thy beams—
A vacant star, and yet a star of hope!
Star of our MOTHER'S PRAISE—their steps flings
A brightening halo round each common hour—
Names! Names of power! Names of love! Names of light!
Like gentle dews upon earth's drooping flower
And though I wander, still to find earth
Thou art the star of my heart—my soul—my hope!
Stars of our LOVE, when o'er the footsteps sky—
Clouds had fallen, and the night of sorrow lour'd
The cheering beam still of its wondering way,
And chased away each fear and shadow'd care,
And whisper'd to our flag of hope unfurled.
Thou wast the love of promise to my world—
Star of our FAMILY—bright star of the rifled clouds—
The vaulted heaven again hath silvered my night—
Star of my hopes!—again I look to thee,
Thou beacon star of heavenly light
To calm and storm—thou still dost shine on,
Thou star of promise—my star—my light star!

Harrisburg, Spring's Ky. August 10, 1844. W. M. D.

Original Sketch.

DEATH'S COINCIDENCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

Life a full of mysteries—and death is itself a mystery. We meet in every hand strange, and often unaccountable events. We wonder, ruminate, and inquire; but the solution of mysteries—are denied always. Who has not, at some period of his life, felt and acted under a kind of mysterious impulse, for which he has been an actor in the same scenes he then was passing through? Who has not felt that mysterious influence, which governs organized nature, which cannot well be described? And in dreams how beautifully, and yet how fearfully, does the soul go forth from the senseless clay and hold converse with beings, before and never more to be seen. Strange, that the spirit had been severed from a glorious dream, that his spirit had been called from a higher state of existence, to mingle again with dull, cold mining humanity! And so not all the mysteries of life. Though sweet, and yet, perhaps, more sad nature, has down in leafs, and "shed incense to their again in the same stranger—here and there. They fall—ing on sunlight—the soul encouraging—the body decaying—the soul preparing to live—the body dying—the soul to live forever—the body forever."

These are mysteries, but there are others which occasionally occur, that may be called coincidences, which they may not be presumed such startling facts, are still strange and interesting. Of this kind, perhaps, are the circumstances, which I now relate, as the basis of my story. The facts, as here related, have all occurred, and many, in reading, will have no difficulty in appropriating them to some one's feel the least displeasure in so doing.

I.

In the afternoon of a beautiful June day, in Charleston, in the year 1841, you might have seen Dr. E——, seated in his office, on Meeting street, and after leaving his servant strict charge to mind the house, order with numerous visitors, he threw down his cane and shrinks enlivened, with their gay colors, the deep rich green of the beleagued the orange tree, which environed the window, and all was beauty and loveliness, even as the garden of Eden, the evening before the fall. But the doctor's dwelling was not heart-broken, as now. In the arms of his father was a dying child, a beautiful boy—an infant of scarcely a year old—and, alas, how lovely! Sickness had not robbed him of his angel beauty—but cheeks slightly flushed—and her clear black eye fixed on his father's countenance, and that the next approach of death. A change comes over his countenance, his eyes grow dull—his breathing is feeble—his pulse flutters—stops—returns in a smile, such as heaven creates, beams upon his features—and he is gone. The child was dead. The death was striking. The dead boy, beautiful as an angel, lay in his father's arms. The father, whose heart for the first time, pressed by the death of a child, feels a new agony too deep to be words—looks over the child and points a kiss on the cheek, and then, forcibly tears it from his embrace—all, she has gone to bow before her God and tell Him her sorrow. It—Hoo—with all her soul, and to Him for mercy. Such an exercise, liable by the hand a little sister of the dead, whose actions and half unconscious looks tell only of a fleeting grief. * * * *

Look at another scene, far removed from the one just contemplated. In the interior of Muskogee, in a comfortable dwelling, surrounded, it is true, by wild forests, and smiling prairies, but yet possessing many a custom more that the more luxurious city mansion cannot boast—yet may see a family whose appearances indicates their origin. They are emigrants from New England. The time is a day or two later than when we saw the dead child in Charleston. The scene is interesting.

An old white haired venerable man, supported by pillows, is reclining upon a couch. His life has been one of devotion to his Creator and earnest endeavor to present each woman preached "glad tidings" to men. He is now departing, and his countenance indicates that he is calm and happy. How calm and happy! A cast on the face, for the whirlwind of storm, ocean and earth. The soft winds that nourish the blossoms and flowers, which away from the forests, the fields and the bowers, To their home of refreshment, the cool caves of rest, For they know that the king of the tempest is nigh.

He comes on his chariot, the pyramid cloud,
And the sun of his coming is lurid and loud;
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From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE BEREAVED.

BY AMELIA

The river road here lads slopp'd to sleep,
And I have not a friend to weep
Around the shallow clay,
Where, with my dead, I'll sadly lie
Whose life was as the gloom of night
In a still and lonely spot
Where few have trod and few come to see,
Where flowers are in the wildest rot
And trees, and streams will lapsed by,
And sorrow will be there.

Again the sunset, and a stranger scene past
Again I stand, and a stranger scene past
The material grandfather of the dead child, is now dying. The eldest and the youngest of the family are left to go God together. But how mysterious—again the dying saint seems to hold converse with an unseen world. Again he clasps the spotless clay—but no embrace is there now. The past sick, long suffering saint was freed—his body left behind—beyond even the one who had gone to Heaven before.

A few days again passed, and a stranger scene past! The material grandfather of the dead child, is now dying. The eldest and the youngest of the family are left to go God together. But how mysterious—again the dying saint seems to hold converse with an unseen world. Again he clasps the spotless clay—but no embrace is there now. The past sick, long suffering saint was freed—his body left behind—beyond even the one who had gone to Heaven before.

* * * * Again the father bade to his breast his agonized, dying boy. Again he feels the last pulsation of life, and go to

village, the children leading the way, until they reached the front or eastern gate. At the orders of the captain, it was unbarred, and they stood right on the soft short sward at the foot of the palisades.

As they passed through, a long, keen, exultant whoop burst out from the green shades opposite, although not a form was visible. The young warrior looked around upon the group with a proud smile, then, taking the hand of his mother and pointing to the hill side, said, "See how warriors love child." White Squaw, love 'em, too. He must go."

"I cannot, I cannot give you up, said Susan, convulsively weeping. "Do you not love your mother, also?"

White Cloud love mother—new mother, but he must go. Listen! She got white skin, but Injin heart. He thinks Injin—he feels Injin—he's all Injin. What could warrior do here in village—nothing—he die—no better here—no council fire here—no dance here—no lady love. What for live here? White Squaw, too, what loves White Cloud—old chief's daughter—she—where's she? say that—where's she? husband stay."

The father was about to speak, seeing Susan almost shocked with her tears, but he was interrupted by the nearly distracted young mother.

"Stay with me, say no," sobbed she, throwing herself upon his bosom. "must we, must we lose you again? Heavenly Father support us in this new trial."

"Mother good, very good," said the chief, in a tone of affection mingled with sadness. "Mustn't cry so—get husband—father stay. White Cloud chief,—got great tribe—must go—good-bye" holding his mother up and gazing sorrowfully in her face. "Good mother—love one—love her sign. Good-bye." Then giving the form of the almost insensible Susan in the arms of his father, and giving a look and brief kindness to him, as well as to Robert and Agnes, he bounded away; and amidst the cheers of his warriors that again rent the air, and were upon the air, passed rapidly up the newlevel, through, gave one more look, waved his arms, and vanished in the forest.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 24, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, two copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Reference to the foreign news, in this day's paper, will furnish an answer to the doubts of those who have hesitated to believe in the strength and perpetuity of our system of government. And it is the more opportune just now, because that some of the foreign presses are raising an outcry on account of the recent unfortunate occurrences in the county. Without any attempt at apology for the late riots in our own vicinity, we will take a look at various points in the old world, and show that if we are in a bad dilemma, Europe and the country by which we are to be represented.

Beginning with Britain, we find one part of her home possessions in such a state, that prudence compels the government to keep the whole of Ireland in garrison—troops enough being now quartered in Ireland to put down by physical force any attempt which might be made, we had almost said, by the whole people. As a reserve, as many more should be kept behind, and could be, in less than a month, made to alight upon the Irish soil like a swarm of locusts.

Cross the channel, and we find the several factions into which the French nation is cut up, kept in check only by playing one set against the rest, and ringing the changes on national glory by encouraging all, and yet not to raise them utility. The liberty of the press is made to consist in giving editors the rent of the prisons, and the houses of the people are subjected to sudden visits of the police at all hours; while a man may also further console himself with the comfortable reflection, that the Argus eyes of the government agents watch his every step. Letters entrusted to the bosom of the government, are regularly opened when any pretext offers, and even in England, where "a man's house is his castle," as well as on the continent, his letters are deemed the government spies. And despite of all these precautions, we find the malcontents in the city of Lyons checked just at the moment when they were ready to kill all the magistrates with a French contrivance.

Poor Spain has passed into a proverb for anarchy and misgovernment. The last heroine from that country, is the arrest of a plot to burn the barracks of the soldiers, kill the officers, and sack and pillage the city and Madrid.

In Italy, the popular disposition to insurrection is kept down by a sort of reserved constitution fund—political prisoners, convicted and condemned, for affairs in 1843, being detained as a sort of hostages for the good behavior of their compatriots outside. When an emeute is apprehended, a prisoner or two of the old stock is publicly executed, by way of admonition.

The King of Prussia has narrowly escaped assassination—so narrowly, that it was the mere pudding of his coat that saved him; the ball glancing off in general of the manufacturing towns on the continent, the starving operatives have taken revenge on machinery by its destruction. In Greece, King Otho has had a narrow escape from being murdered. In Turkey, every thing denotes that the Ottoman Empire is tottering on its fall.

The asteroid of the monster empire of Russia, compels the possessors of his state secrets to too much prudence, to allow them to be flying abroad. But the general system of his government is well understood—a hypocritical friendship for the people, that they may be used to crush the nobles. The invincible physical force which is set up as the strength of the arm of the autocrat, is now about to

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*Frank*" or "*Free*" in their hand is dear. Agents will please endorse their letters and packages on the outside "*Agent's Letter*" or "*Agent's Package*." Other papers will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if indebted for arrearages.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our Sheet.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts right. They should always give names and state the Post Office to which papers are sent, and also the Post Office from which remittances are made, or no credit can be given.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, and our Saturday Post, and for the Lancaster Literary Magazine.

☞ We have no traveling agent by the name of Wilson.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is a travelling agent for that, Indiana and Kentucky.

Mr. Moses Hodgen, jr. S. E. South, O. H. Conrad, J. H. Brooks, Wm. Stout and H. A. Ferguson, are agents.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. SMITH, Cincinnati, Ohio, is an Alabama and Tennessee agent.

JOHN S. J. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South Western States and Florida, assisted by *Charles K. Wright, Thomas H. Weld, O. H. P. Stone, and Henry Pringle.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New Jersey.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for September*, lands of well executed engravings of "My Country 'tis," designed and executed for *Mr Peterson*, by R. G. Harrison. The story of the poor girl who died of a broken heart, and very beautiful. The liberal and energetic publisher has also embellished his number with a beautiful piece of landscape, "Lake Winnipisseogee," and with a plate of the latest fashions. The contributions are varied and excellent, "Lucy May" is one of the best of Mrs. Hale's stories, and is generally pronounced to be the best story of the season. Mrs. Seargent continues her series of tales of Richard the Third. "Lucy May" is one of the most beautiful stories we ever read. "The Last Will" is powerful and impressive. "A Leap Year Story," by Mary Hewitt, will please the ladies, as well as it startled the gentlemen. Mrs. Ellet's large article concerning a wonderful poet, and reads the first dollar magazines at two dollars the piece. Mrs. Ellet's article is one of the best specimens of our brother editors.

THE LADY'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—We know of no magazine that is so better hands than this. The names of the editors Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Mr. Ned Buntline—letting alone their corps of popular contributors—are a host of themselves. Mrs. Stephens is one of the most popular magazine writers of the day—she is unequalled in the delineation of female character. Her tale of "Fair as an Old Picture," in the present Number of this work, is warrant, that wholesome earnestness which we find in Miss Bremer's tales. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Stephens will give us one of her beautiful romances in each number of the Magazine. It cannot fail to increase the already widely circulated magazine in the country.—*The Athens Republican, Ky.*

☞ The Ladies' National Magazine, for September, has been received. The embellishments are splendid, the "Country Girl," Lake Winnipisseogee," and the "Fashions" are beautiful. We have not time to look at the matter that this work will publish.—*Pittsburgh Gazette

Selected Poetry.

THE UNRECORDED GRAVE.

Who resteth here?
Manhood—that gloried in its pride and might?
Beauty—with cheek of love and eye of light?
Age—with its furrows and its look of care?
Youth—with its open smile and sunny hair?
Genius—with fiery glance and haughty brow,
Compelled before a mightier one to bow?

Who resteth here?
Is manhood stricken in its hour of pride?
Hath manhood fallen in the battle tide—
When banners streamed along the golden sky—
When rushed the war-horse in his majesty—
When arm met arm—when life was waged with life—
When foe sought foe, and quailed not at the strife?
Rests manhood here?

Who resteth here?
Beauty with pleasant glance and lip of bloom,
With voice of music—breath of sweet perfume?
Some gentle heart that beamed from eyes of mirth,
And shed its radiance round the happy hearth?
Some youthful form that may no longer stand
To greet with smiles of love her fellow band?
Rests beauty here?

Who resteth here?
Genius—with saddened face and laurel crown,
Withered before the world's haughty frown?
Some child of song, whose name shall yet be stirred?
Where music's tones and beauty's lay are heard?
Resteth he here? Oh! let him still sleep on,
Happier than though a world's applause were won!

Who resteth here?
Whose race is run? Whose pilgrimage is o'er?
Whose voice is gone that may be heard no more?
I know not—yet methinks some mark should be
To tell the world whose resting place we see;
That, passing by, we may rejoice or fear,
Smile in bright hope, or shed the sorrowing tear!

THE OLD CHURCH CLOCK.

Hark! the old Church Clock, with its bell and its chime
Loves to mark how swift travel the feet of time!
It counteth the minutes, it telleth the hours,
As spring marks its season by blossoms and flowers.
Oh, dear are the chimes of that Old Clock to me!
They float like soft music o'er memory's sea!
I knew not a pain, shed in sorrow no tear,
When those chimes first in melody came on mine ear.

By that Old Clock I've counted how years passed on,
How youth lost its brightness, how friendships have gone.
By its chimes I have measured how life's joys flew,
That time brush'd away as the sun slips dew.
Oh! they bounded along like an atom at play
With the young Summer-wind that is fanning the day,
Like a dream of the morning they've faded—they've gone;
But the chimes of that Old Clock play merrily on.

Hark! the bell strikes twelve, and the tide of Time
Is mark'd by the merriest peal of the chime!
It is sweet in the moment of joy to hear,
But it mocketh—it mocketh the mourner's ear.
The chimes have mock'd mine, but I love them still,
Let them make merry with woe as they will,
For they shed o'er the mind of the watcher a ray
Of joy, as they welcome the new-born day!

From the Monthlies.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR SEPTEMBER.

AN EMBROIDERED FACT.

REPORTED (WITH PERMISSION) BY MRS. MARY CLAVERS, AUTHORESS OF A "NEW HOME."

What the phrenologists call "approbativeness" is an excellent development, but we may have it too full. People born without it are intolerable—those who have a superabundance, pay dearly enough for being agreeable. They win, without conscious effort,—instinctively, as it were,—"golden opinions" from those with whom they associate; and too good a reputation is sometimes a severe tax in more ways than one. As with other luxuries, it costs a good deal to support it. One of our friends got rid of his, inadvertently. We have the story from himself, only adding some explanations of our own.

George Elliott had, from his childhood, been the model of all excellence among his own family. His parents had other children, and they all did very much as they pleased, not having set out with a character to support. They did not always please to prefer what was wisest; and then they were sure of a lecture, to which George's prudence and self-government afforded the text.

George must have been really a good fellow, for his brothers loved him in spite of his position; and as for his sisters, they thought no mortal man, and hardly even Thaddeus of Warsaw, approached him in excellence. He was, in truth, less spoiled by this general homage than was to be expected. The shape of his head was not improved by the cultivation of a faculty which shows itself in squaring out the head just on each side the crown; but his black hair hid the superfluity, and the ceaseless good humor that beamed from his eyes, joined to a fine ruddy complexion and white teeth, made him an Adonis in the eyes of all the young ladies of the neighborhood. Not a house but was open to him—not a mamma but smiled upon him. He was already "well to do," and such qualities as his promised constant bettering.

But here, again, George experienced the disadvantage of being too well liked. The invariable welcome which awaited him, the capital footing on which he stood with the mammas and papas, and the fear that whenever he should select a special partner, it would be at the expense of a large amount of friendship and attention, had kept him undecided until five-and-twenty; we fear, a little too well satisfied with himself to promise uncommonly well as a husband.

Among his perfections,—in his father's eyes, at least,—was a strict and energetic attention to matters of business. He was the factotum in every affair requiring peculiar skill and discretion. He travelled, he negotiated, he advised. Never was there an elder son on whose indomitable prudence a father could rely so completely. Was a hard thing to be said, George must say it—because George could say it without hurting any body's feelings. Was a slippery debtor to be approached, George was the messenger; and if it proved necessary to follow the "defaulter" to Texas, he never flinched, and has generally returned with man or money. We will not say that such trusts were always agreeable; indeed, we have already hinted that our friend sometimes found his reputation rather costly. But developments are fate, and his "approbativeness" kept on growing.

Once upon a time, when affairs called George from home, he was about to pass the night in a village, about sixty-five miles from his father's residence. There was no one to visit, [illegible]

The air of incredulity with which this was said could not be mistaken; but the implication was one which it was impossible to notice under the circumstance; and George concluded that the only course left for him was to make his bow and leave his character behind him.

As he turned, with his hat in his hand, a letter fell from it to the floor, unobserved by him in his embarrassment. He had not cleared the porch, when the maid ran after him with it.

"Here, Mister, they say they don't want none of yer letters."

George looked at his hat, found he must have dropped a letter, and took it, though it was now too dark to examine it. Here was a new confirmation of the evident suspicions of the lady-dragon, as to some designs upon her fair charge.

It is singular that a conviction began to dawn upon his mind that the said charge must possess considerable attractions.

"Don't touch that thing upon the table," says grandma to the little one who is quietly playing on the floor.

"No, grandma," says the youth, and immediately leaves his play to get up and walk round and round the table trying to reach the prohibited article.

George, the prudent, slept little that night. The young lady's eyes and voice, the delicate and languid grace of her figure, as she lay extended in evident feebleness on the sofa, rather unhinged his philosophy; and he was, besides, not a little troubled by the recollection of the spiteful air of the duenna, and the probability that the error had cost the fair invalid some discomfort. Altogether, there was food for reverie; and a hasty, unrefreshing morning slumber, had not made amends for a wakeful night, when he was aroused by the breakfast bell.

Inquiries respecting the people of the cottage elicited only the interesting information, that there was "an oldish woman, and a young gal," which added little to George's knowledge. The innkeeper guessed they were "pretty likely folks," but couldn't say, as they had not been there long.

George went home, but said nothing of his adventure. He said he did not think it worth while. But he thought it worth while, two weeks afterwards, to travel the sixty-five miles which lay between his home and Templeville, just to try whether the landlord might not have discovered something beyond the interesting facts before ascertained as to the "young gal" and her duenna.

But the innkeeper had added nothing to his store of information on this point, except the conclusion that the people on the hill were "fore-handed folks," and that there was a man who came once in a while to see them and brought them lots of things.

"A man!" said George. "Ah yes," (very unconcernedly, of course;) "of what age—about?"

"Oh, he always comes in the evening, and is off again early in the morning. Their help guesses he's an uncle or something."

Not much enlightened, even yet, George adopted the desperate resolution of trying boldly for an acquaintance. He judged it absolutely necessary to inquire after the health of the invalid. So, writing a civil card of inquiry, he walked up to the pretty cottage, and after reconnoitering a little, rapped at the door, and awaited the coming of the stupid maid, with a trepidation quite new to his quiet and well-assured frame of mind.

What was his dismay when the aunt herself, with a face of iron, opened the door.

George was completely at a loss for the moment. The card was in his hand, but he could not offer it to the lady, so he stammered out something of his wish to inquire after the health of the family, and to express his regret for the misunderstanding on the former occasion.

Rigid was the brow with which the careful dame heard this announcement, and wiry were the muscles which held the door half shut, as if defying a forty-young-man power of getting in without consent of the owner.

"We're all quite well, I thank you," she said, closing her lips as tightly as possible, as soon as she had communicated the information.

George stood still, and the lady stood as still as he. She looked at the distant hills, and he at the door which had once disclosed to him the reclining figure in white. At length, finding it in vain to attempt wearing the grim portress into an invitation to enter the enchanted castle, he turned off in despair, when the young lady came through the gate, as if just returning from a walk.

George darted towards her, but the elder lady scarce allowed time for a word.

"Come, Julia," she said, "it is quite time you came in."

The young lady looked at George with a scarce peceptible smile, and such a comical expression, that their acquaintance seemed ripened in a moment.

"I must say good morning," said she, in a rather low tone, but so decidedly, that George, perceiving any attempt for a longer interview to be hopeless, put his card into her hand and departed—not without a secret vow that he would yet baffle the duenna.

The sixty-five miles seemed rather long this time, and his father remarked upon the difficulties which he must have encountered, to account for a two days' absence, and such a worn-out air. Yet all this time George persuaded himself that it was not worth while to mention his new acquaintance. He, with his old head upon young shoulders,—pattern of nice young men!—to find himself interested in a chance acquaintance—to be suspected by an ancient lady of designs upon her niece, and what was worse, to be conscious of a strong desire to furnish some foundation for such suspicions! Oh, it was too much! Pattern people find it so hard to come down to a neighborly level with common, erring mortals! George found it easier to learn to perform the Templeville trip in the space of twenty-four hours, although it was, in reality, pretty good work for twice that time. In truth, it began to be necessary for him to take Templeville in his way to any point of the compass; and, at last, chance, or some other power that favors the determined, gave him an unexpected advantage.

It was the elder lady's turn to be an invalid, and, while she was, perhaps, enjoying an interview with the veritable Dr. Beasley, his former unwitting representative espied the new blooming cheeks of the young lady among [illegible]

[illegible] attention at a country post-office, if any body could have suspected so prudent a youth of clandestine proceedings. This epistle, being opened, was found to contain only a few lines, most cautiously worded, to inform Mr. George Elliott that suspicions of treachery and fears of consequent calamity made a friend of his very miserable. Further specifications, diplomatically urged, gave Mr. Elliott to understand that the uncle was expected, and that there was reason to suppose he had been induced to plan a sudden removal of the cottagers to a far distant and (of course) inaccessible part of the country.

The rising sun of the next morning saw Elliott "making tracks" for Templeville, most literally, for the fierce pace of his gallant steed indented itself upon the moist soil in a striking manner. He must reach there in the afternoon at all hazards; and, although he had more than once performed the same feat before, he was now so anxious lest some accident should cause delay, that he pushed on with unwonted vehemence. He had twice changed horses, and had passed through a small village about twenty miles from Templeville, when the people on the road noticed that he was closely pursued by two horsemen in fiery haste.

George rode like the wild huntsman, and his pursuers were nearly as well mounted. At every point they inquired how far the maker of those dashing tracks was in advance of them, and their breathless inquiries were always answered in such terms as induced them to hope their chase was nearly at an end. They spared neither whip nor spur, therefore; but their horses were not so well used to that rate of travel, and one of them gave out entirely just as they entered Templeville, with our tired hero fell in sight.

George reached the tavern, and went, as was his wont, immediately to the stables, to see his horse cared for. He examined several stalls before he chose one, and was giving his directions to the ostler when he was rather roughly accosted by two persons, who took their places on either side of him, and began in very aggressive style asking him various questions. Our prudent friend was not, we regret to say, a member of the peace society; and he responded to these inquiries in a way which threatened difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge.

The crowd increased every moment. The whole town of Templeville seemed congregated in the stable-yard. "There he is!" "That's him!" "That's the chap!" "I'd know him for a thief, anywhere!" were the cheering exclamations that met Elliott's ear on every side.

Not to dwell unnecessarily on particulars, we may say at once that the elder of these gentlemen had been robbed of a pocket-book, containing a large sum of money, and that circumstances favored the idea that the thief had taken the Templeville road. George's hard riding pointed him out as the delinquent; and his having gone into several stalls on his first arrival, led the bystanders to suppose he had been seeking for a place to secrete his booty.

We need not notice Elliott's indignant denials of the charge. The old gentleman took very little notice of them, indeed. He rather advised him (as a friend) to give up the pocket-book at once, without attempting to deceive a person of his astuteness. George, who was anxious beyond every thing to be on his way to the cottage, and who, likewise, felt exceedingly unwilling to call upon his only acquaintance in the village, knowing that would be to insure a faithful report of the whole affair at home, offered to submit to search, provided it might be performed in private and without unnecessary delay. To this, after some consultation, the old gentleman agreed; and the landlord, (who, by the way, disclaimed all knowledge of the accused, except that he had made a great many inquiries as to the people at the cottage,) was showing the way through the crowd to an inner room, when George encountered Mr. Henderson, the person to whom he was known.

All chance of escaping recognition was now at an end, and it became evident to George Elliott that, in addition to the loss of consideration by an imprudent marriage, he must expect a good deal of hard joking on the subject of hard riding. The gaping crowd, commenting audibly upon every point of his physiognomy and equipment, and agreeing, nem. con., that he had state prison written upon his face if ever a fellow had, was nothing, compared with the keen sense of mortification which came with every thought of home. Julia's power, however, was irresistible; and George, perceiving that Mr. Henderson knew his accuser, requested an introduction, which was accordingly performed, to the great discomfiture of the old gentleman, who became unpleasantly sensible that his wild goose chase had led him a great way from his lost money, ruined a fine horse, and brought him into very unpleasant circumstances with a young gentleman, who, upon close examination, did not look half so much like a gallows-bird as he had supposed.

"Upon my word and honor, sir," said the old gentleman, wiping his forehead with an air of the greatest perplexity, "I am extremely sorry for this mistake. If I can make you any amends, this gentleman, Mr. Henderson, will answer for me, that I shall be happy to offer any atonement in my power."

George, of course, disclaimed any such wish, and, only anxious to see Julia, he shook hands with his accuser and hurried off.

Before he shut the door, the old gentleman stopped him. "Will you do me the favor to tell me, before we part, what possible inducement you could have for riding at such a pace?"

George laughed, said he was fond of fast riding, and disappeared.

* * * * * * *

Julia, in tears, and all the despair of nineteen, met George with the intelligence that her aunt, after appearing to favor them, must have played them false, and induced the uncle to insist upon an immediate change of residence.

"To-morrow morning," she said, "we are to leave here, for ever. My uncle has already arrived, and we should have set off this evening, but for the circumstance of having been robbed on his way hither."

"Robbed!" said George.

"Yes. He is now in pursuit of the thief, and will not probably return before night."

As Julia said this, sobbing all the time as if her little heart would break, not for her uncle's loss, but her own woes, the door opened, and George's new acquaintance walked in.

"Hey-day, hey-day, here's a pretty affair! This is the nice youth that has persuaded you to throw away your bread and butter, is it!"

Then, coming nearer, and taking a better [illegible]

☞ "Gentlemen of the jury," said a hoosier lawyer, addressing a real shell bark jury, "I say this ere magnanimous sun shines in the heavens, though you can't see it, kase its behind a cloud—but I know it, though I can't prove it; so my client, who rises early and hunts coons, like an honest man, has a good case, though he can't prove it. Now if you believe what I here tell you about the glorious sun, you are bound, on your Bible oath, to believe what I tell you about my client's case, and if you don't, then you call me a liar, and that I'll be squatawe'd if I'll stand any how; so if you don't want to swear false and have trouble, you'd better give us our case."

☞ The Duke of Marlborough, struck with the warlike air and fine figure of a soldier taken prisoner at the battle of Blenheim, exclaimed, "Had the French army contained fifty thousand men similar to that grenadier, it would not have been beaten." "Eh! morblue," said the soldier, "there were men enough like me, but the army needed a general like you."

☞ A very corpulent man, passing through one of the meat markets, was assailed with the usual cries—Buy, buy—what d'ye buy, sir?" when an arch fellow stepped up to the man of fat, and said—"If you do not want any thing, sir, only say that you buy meat of me—and my fortune will then be made."

BLUE INK.—AN EPIGRAM.

You ask me, Edward, what I think,
Of this new fashionable ink?
I'll answer briefly, Ned:
Methinks it always will be blue,
At all events when used by you,
It never will be red.

☞ A prolix preacher preached every Sunday, and concealed himself the rest of the week to avoid the importunities of his creditors. "This fellow," said a wag, "is invisible six days of the week, and incomprehensible the seventh."

☞ In speaking of a friend, who possesses a very rubicund countenance, Putnam said, yesterday—"I don't think he drinks. In fact, I know he doesn't, for he told me so; but he probably sleeps in a bed with very red curtains."

☞ "You may talk of the 'bonds of affection,' the 'ties of fellowship,' and all that," says Krantz, "but I know of no stronger attachment than that which a Sheriff entertains for a poor debtor who can't fork up."

☞ Uncle Sam thinks, if the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat down over his eyes!

☞ A loving couple "down east," have had a pipe made with two handles, so that they can both smoke at the same time.

☞ "Mr. Cobb, I am sorry to see you in this condition." "You are, eh—well I ain't—I'm corn'd just as a cob ought to be!"

☞ Why is a young woman like a due bill? Because she ought to be "settled off as soon as she comes to maturity."

☞ "Re spextid sur," is the latest style of orthography for the commencement of a letter.

☞ "Our union is perfect," as the two convicts said, that went hand-cuffed to prison.

☞ How are fractions multiplied? By interference of the police in a street row.

☞ Dr. Johnson defined a ship thus—"A jail, with a chance of drowning!"

TO A TROUBLESOME FLY.

BY THOMAS MACKELLER.

What! here again, indomitable pest!
Thou plagu'st me like a supernatural sprite;
Thou makest me the butt of all thy spite,
And bitest me, and buzzest as in jest,
Ten times I've closed my heavy lids in vain,
This early morn to court an hour of sleep;
For thou—tormentor!—constantly doth keep
Thy whizzing tones resounding through my brain,
Or lightest on my sens'tive nose, and there
Thou trimm'st thy wings and shak'st thy legs of hair:
Ten times I've raised my hand in haste to smite,
But thou art off; and ere I lay my head
And fold mine arms in quiet on my bed,
Thou com'st again—I feel thy tickling bite.
As uncle Toby says, "the world is wide
Enough for thee and me." Then go, I pray;
And through this world do take some other way,
And let us travel no more side by side.
Go—live among the flowers—go any where;
Or to the empty sugar-hogshead go,
That standeth at the grocer's store below;
Go suit thy taste with anything that's there:
There's his molasses measure; there's his cheese,
And ham and herring:—What! will nothing please?
Presumptuous thing! then die! But no! I'll smite
Thee not; for thou, perchance, art young in days,
And rather green as yet in this world's ways;
So live and suffer—age will set thee right.—*Mirror.*

The Merchant.

EDWARD COLSTON.

[This and the articles that follow are copied from that truly excellent work, Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.]

Edward Colston, at the age of forty years, became a very eminent East India merchant, prior to the incorporation of the East India Company, and had forty sail of ships of his own, with immense riches flowing in upon him. He still remained uniform in his charitable disposition, distributing many thousand pounds to various charities in and about London, beside private gifts in many parts of the kingdom. In the year 1708, he instituted a very magnificent school in St. Augustine's-back, in Bristol, which cost him £11,000 in the building, and endowed the same with between £1,700 and £1,800 per annum, forever. He likewise gave £10 for apprenticing every boy, and for twelve years after his death £10 to put them into business. It has been frequently reported that his private charities far exceeded those in public. "We have heard," says the Bristol (Eng.) Journal, "that one of his ships trading to the East Indies had been missing upwards of three years, and was supposed to be destroyed at sea, but at length she arrived richly laden. When his principal clerk brought him the report of her arrival, and of the riches on board, he said, as she was totally given up for lost, he would by no means claim any right to her; therefore he ordered the ship and merchandize to be sold, and the produce thereof to be applied toward the relief of the needy, which directions were immediately carried into execution. Another singular instance of his tender consciousness for charity was at the age of forty, when he entertained some thoughts of changing his condition. He paid his addresses to a lady, but being very timorous lest he should be hindered in his pious and charitable designs, he was determined to make a Christian trial of her temper and disposition, and therefore one morning filled his pockets with gold and silver, in order that, if any object presented itself in the course of their tour over London Bridge, he might satisfy his intentions. While they were walking near St. Magnus Church, a woman in extreme misery, with twins in her lap, sat begging; and, as he and his intended lady were arm-in-arm, he beheld the wretched object, put his hand in his pocket and took out a handful of gold and silver, casting it into the poor woman's lap. The lady being greatly alarmed at such profuse generosity, colored prodigiously, so that, when they were gone a little further towards the bridge-foot, she turned to him and said, 'Sir, do you know what you did a few minutes ago?' 'Madam,' replied Mr. Colston, 'I never let my right hand know what my left hand doeth.' He then took his leave of her, and for this reason never married to the day of his death, although he lived to the age of eighty-five."

A LIVERPOOL MERCHANT.

It is stated in the London Chronicle that in 1836, the transactions of Mr. Brown's house amounted to £10,000,000. In 1837, the Ame- [illegible]

Our Scrap Book.

COME OUT TO THE WEST.

[illegible]

CHINESE GENEROSITY.

An English merchant of the name of C—— resided in Canton and Macao, where a sudden reverse of fortune reduced him from a state of affluence to the greatest necessity. A Chinese merchant, named Chinqua, to whom he had formerly rendered service, gratefully offered him an immediate loan of ten thousand dollars, which the gentleman accepted, and gave his bond for the amount. This, the Chinese immediately threw into the fire, saying, "When you, my friend, first came to China, I was a poor man—you took me by the hand, and, assisting my honest endeavors, made me rich. Our destiny is now reversed—I see you poor, while I am blessed with affluence." The bystanders had snatched the bond from the flames. The gentleman, sensibly affected by such generosity, pressed his friend to take the security, which he did, and then effectually destroyed it. The disciple of Confucius, beholding the increased distress it occasioned, said he would accept of his watch or any little valuable, as a memorial of their friendship. The gentleman immediately presented his watch; and Chinqua, in return, gave him an old iron seal, saying, "Take this seal—it is one I have long used, and possesses no intrinsic value; but as you are going to India, to look after your outstanding concerns, should fortune further persecute you, draw upon me for any sum of money you may need, sign it in your own hand, and seal it with this signet, and I will pay the money."

Choice Selections.

IT IS THE HOUR OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

"Look, Helen, look! on wave and isle,
The moonlight falls in fairy showers,
And in their sleep the streamlets smile,
For they are dreaming of the flowers;
And peace seems brooding like a dove,
O'er scenes to thy young spirit dear,—
It is, it is the hour of love,
And I am blest, for thou art here!

List, Helen, list! like love's low sigh
The murmur of the wave is heard,
And in the breeze that wanders by,
The forest leaves like harps are stirr'd;
And mid the dim and moonlight grove,
The night bird sings low, wild and clear,—
It is, it is the hour of love,
And I am blest, for thou art here."

CURIOUS INDIAN TRADITION.

Some two hundred miles in the interior of the republic of Texas, where the flat interminable prairies have ceased, the rolling country has commenced, and the ever-green summits of the verdant and flowery hills are in sight, was built not long since, on the very skirt of the territory of the finest and most turbulent Indian tribes, a small town, to which the name of Austin was given. For its healthy locality it was selected as the seat of government of the republic, and it gave every prospect of becoming one of the most populous and active, as it is the most lovely city in this exceedingly picturesque and beautiful country. Situated in a gently sloping valley on the banks of the wild Colorado, just below the cataracts, and surrounded on all sides by groves of trees, green hillocks, and sparkling fountains, it lies in quiet seclusion, almost hid from the sight of the passing stranger. In fact, the only object to be seen at a distance is the president's house, a white neat building on the top of a little hill. Not far from the town, gushing from the broad fissure in the rocky base of a hill, and falling into a deep natural basin, almost like a well, is a pure and delicious fountain, known as Barton's Spring. Perhaps no water was ever more truly cool and refreshing. Surrounded on all sides by rocks or lofty trees, interminable groves of which branch off on three sides, it does not feel the effect of the sun's rays but during a very short period of the afternoon, when, through a large opening between certain lofty and stately cedars, the beams of the great luminary fall upon the spring, and gild its sparkling and virgin waters with every tint of the rainbow. This lasts during about three-quarters of an hour, when the sun sinking still lower, its rays are utterly concealed from the fall. This has given rise to a most curious and characteristic superstition on the part of the many tribes of Indians who at different times have encamped near the spring. In ages gone by, say they, during a severe and terrible storm, of which they profess merely to hand down the tradition, a more than unusually gorgeous rainbow was driven along with such force against the base of the hill from whence the spring gushes, as to shiver the rocks, and give place unto the water which instantly welled forth. They farther add, that the rainbow received equal damage with the more durable material, and being shattered to pieces, the fragments were mingled with the fountain, and caused the prismatic colors which, though brought out by the sun, are ever resident in the translucent body of the fountain; and the tints of the rainbow were blent with the wave. Both town and fountain are now abandoned to the aborigines, the war with Mexico having weakened the resources of the government as to render them incapable of defending their infant capital from the assaults of the Indian marauder.

CAMPBELL.

Whoever the author is of the following majestic lines on the death of Campbell, we should be proud to hail him as a countryman:—

Come to the house of mourning, all ye bards,
Your brother, friend and teacher lowly sleeps;
Death, that all worth, all genius disregards,
Cold in his cell the form of Campbell keeps;
Come to the house of mourning! Nature weeps,
And hope yet lingers by the wonted fire;
Hark! from the past a solemn requiem sweeps,
A dirge of welcome from its mystic choir—
Those bards of other days, great masters of the lyre.

Who hath not thrilled at Campbell's varied song,
When Spencer's noble harp he gently played?
Or in heroic measures marched along,
Or on the lyre his lofty music made?
Behold the minstrel, in his robes arrayed,
Still to his sacred art forever true!
What grace, what grandeur, in his verse displayed!
How well to move the human heart he knew!
How awful with his thoughts the heaving language grew.

Long, long, shall stand that monument sublime,
His genius reared by Hope's resplendent throne;
Which utters wisdom in melodious rhyme,
Like Memnon's statue when Apollo shone;
The worn and wearied drank the thrilling tone,
The weak were strengthened and the strong inspired;
Truth mightier grew and quelled each rising groan,
While Freedom rose in dazzling robes attired,
And walked o'er all the world enchanted and admired.

How bright the scene his glowing genius drew,
Mid Pennsylvania's forest-bearing hills!
Scooped like the bosom of a vast canoe,
There sleeps the vale which drinks their gushing rills,
And Heaven, all bounteous, like her dew distils
Wealth o'er the plain and peace in every shade;
There Gertrude's name the ardent memory fills,
And every glen recalls the gentle maid,
In all the blooming charms of Wyoming arrayed.

Oft have we wished the bard himself might see
The lovely valley where his Gertrude sung,
Might rest beneath some venerable tree
And bathe in all the life around him flung;
Might hear how once the aged and the young
Were dashed upon the gory "rack of wo,"
How from foul motives awful carnage sprung,
Might weave a mournful dirge, yet joyful know,
How sweet, since all is past, is Susquehannah's flow.

But all our wishes, all our hopes were vain;
His honored form is in a darker vale;
His tuneless harp shall know no other strain,
But waste and moulder like his body frail.
Not so his fame—the rolling ages hail
His fair renown, with reverence and with joy;
No rude critique his memory shall assail,
Nor Time the glory of his name destroy,
But keep it ever bright like his who sang of Troy.—*Mirror.*

ANGLO-AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

Their ships sail better, and are worked by fewer men; their settlers pay more for their land than our colonists, and yet undersell them in their own markets. Wherever administrative talent is called into play, whether in the management of a hotel, or a ship, or a prison, or a factory, there is no competing with them; [illegible]

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A young Yankee, who had formed an attachment for the daughter of a rich old farmer, and after agreeing with his "bonnie lassie," went to the old fellow to ask consent, and during the ceremony, which was an awkward one for Jonathan, he whittled away at a stick. The old man watched the movements of the knife, at the same time continued to talk of the prospects of his future son-in-law, as he supposed, until the stick was dwindled down to nought. He then spoke as follows, "You have a fine property, you have steady habits, good enough looking, but you can't have my daughter! Had you made something, no matter what, of the stick you have whittled away, you could have had her. As it is, you cannot. Your property will go as the stick did, little by little, until all is gone, and your family reduced to want. I have read your character—you have my answer." Jonathan conveyed the unhappy news to his anxious fair one, who, after hearing the story, burst out "a crying," saying, "Why, you tarnal fool, you, why didn't you say you'd made a litter on't, if nothing more! Git out! I'll marry the first feller that points his eye at me—I will, so—boo-o-o-o."

HORRIBLE INMATE.—A gentleman, in this city, has a letter from his brother, dated at Isle Royal, in Lake Superior, detailing the following story: "A man and his wife, a half breed, were left on the Island, last fall, by the locaters of copy-rights, or leases, to keep good their possession. The Isle Royal is about twenty miles from the British or Northern shore. It is about forty miles long, and but few miles in width. This man and woman were the only inhabitants of this solitary land during the severeties of winter. On the 5th of March the man died. The writer of the letter arrived there on the 27th of April, in an open boat, from Isle Pointe. They found the woman still in the cabin where the two had lived, and the corpse of the man still in the bed where he died! The purity and cold of the atmosphere had prevented the decay of the body, and the lonely woman had been unable or unwilling to remove it. Nearly two months had she lived and slept in the same cabin with her dead husband, when the party arrived and buried it. The forms of a Christian burial were observed, although but one of the party understood the English language."

NOT A BAD IDEA.—How should you like to have your hay-cocks covered up in rainy weather as effectually as the baggage on a stage coach is protected from the rains by a canvas covering! This may be done at not a great expense, and, on the whole, the plan which we have seen recommended may be good economy. In the Albany Cultivator, we notice an article written by a successful farmer in the interior of New York, in which he says, that two years ago, he made a purchase of the cheapest factory cotton, which he had cut up and sewed into squares large enough to cover the tops of his hay-cocks. At each of the four corners he attached a piece of lead or a stone to keep the covering in its place when thrown over the cocks. These coverings taken proper care of, will last many years, and will always protect his hay whilst in the field, from heavy dews and rains by night or day. The amount saved by means of them during one long rain-storm, would greatly exceed the cost of the cloths.—*Augusta Banner.*

The Olio.

LINES.

The willow that droops by the side of the river,
And drinks all its life from the stream that flows by,
In return, spends that life in the cause of the giver,
And shadows the stream from the heat of the sky.

My Creator, my God, it is thou—I adore thee;
It is thou art this life giving fountain to me,
But I am all weakness, a suppliant before thee,
I cannot return this protection to thee.

But ah! thou hast many a loved one in sorrow,
Who wanders along this bleak world all alone;
For such, from the good thou hast sent would I borrow,
And thus, thou hast said, thou wilt look on and own.

In sadness, in poverty, sickness or danger,
I would succor each child of my God that I see;
And the aid thus bestowed in the world on a stranger,
One day thou wilt say was bestowed upon thee.

BUSY BODIES.—An exchange paper thus describes these gentlemen and ladies, with which every community is infested. We have heard of such beings:—"They usurp alike the prerogative of the chamber-maid and boot-black. They can tell the exact quantity of cream and sugar which every member of your family uses in his tea—whether you drink out of china or porcelain—whether you breakfast a quarter before six, or eleven minutes and a half past nine. They know the dimensions of your coffee pot, the color of your night cap, and can tell, with unerring precision, the number of holes in your stockings. A family feud or an affaire du cœur is pounced upon with as much avidity as a flock of vultures would alight upon a dead carcase. What rapturous glistening of the eyeball, at the prospect of such a feast! Woe be unto the individual, who falls under their suspicion, or whose character is subjected to their surveillance! Better fall into the hands of a highway robber."

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship's a sun that ever seems
Brightest in its departing beams,
And never to the full we feel
The depth and warmth and force of love,
Till death comes in the gem to steal,
And those so dear have passed above;
Then we discover, by the smart,
How they entwined about the heart.

EFFECT OF OSTENTATION UPON CREDIT.—The Edinburg Review relates the following incident: "A retired merchant of enormous fortune, living in great retirement, is said to have kept his account with a banking firm headed by a baronet. His balance in the bank was generally from thirty to forty thousand, and the baronet deemed it only a proper attention to so valuable a customer to invite him to dinner, at his villa in the country. The splendor of the banquet to which the old man reluctantly repaired, impelled him, on his entrance, to apologize to his host for subjecting the latter to so much inconvenience. The baronet replied that, on the contrary, it was incumbent on him to apologize for taking the liberty of asking his guest to partake of a family dinner. Nothing further passed, but the next morning the customer drew his whole balance out of the bank.

HOW TO LIVE.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power:
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

AN OLE BULL IN HIS WAY.—It appears that there is a man out in Mississippi, named Cary, who is great on the fife, and has lately fifed the editor of the Concordia Intelligencer into fits. Hear how he talks:—"We have come to the conclusion, that out of his fife he can get a greater quantity of music, and get it longer and stronger, and more of it, and put more twists in it, and play lower, and go up higher, and give more octaves, and crotchets, ketches and sky-rockets, change the keys, and jingle them with grace, imitate more patridges and young chickens, and come the high notes shriller, and the low notes softer, and take off his hat more gracefully while he is doing it, and look at the people while it is going on, on his fife, better than any other man living. So mote it be, and so it is."

I'm a careless potato, and heed not a pin
How into existence I came;
If they planted me drill-ways or dribbled me in,
To me 'tis exactly the same.
The peas and beans may more loftily tower,
But why should I bend me to them?
Defiance I nod, with my beautiful flower,
When the earth is hoed up to my stem.

GRAY SQUIRRELS.—A gentleman writing from the borders of Lake Champlain, confirms a statement made by Dr. Morse, in his well-known geography, and which has by some been [illegible]

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME, JULY, 1844.

OUR PLATES, BATTLE-GROUNDS, ETC.

In order to increase still further, if possible, the high reputation "Graham's Magazine" has attained, both in this country and Europe, we have sketched out a plan of our own, in regard to embellishments, which, from its extent and usefulness, must meet with general approbation; and we mention it now, because it may hereafter suit those who are always inclined to take hints from our suggestions, and simply occasionally an invention, to claim more than the merit of the previous performer.

Graham's Magazine, by the engagement of the highest order of talent in the country, both in literature and the arts, is now universally regarded as THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and we purpose, at the close of the present volume, to show our hand, and an enlarged enterprise, and we call upon others to strike out something original.

VIEWS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

In pursuance of our plan to make "Graham" in all respects a NATIONAL WORK, we have engaged the most accomplished artists to prepare for the magazine a series of engravings of noted places in the far West, South and South-West, while our townsman Mr. CROOME and others are engaged to supply us with a series of views in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and the East. We have purchased of JAMES HERRING, Esq. a series of original engravings, made from original pictures, by CHAPMAN and others, of places noted in Revolutionary History, and also of Messrs. RAWDON, WRIGHT, HATCH & SMILLIE, the beautiful series of Georgia views, prepared some time since from original drawings, for the Messrs. RICHARDS, two noble hearted young gentlemen of Georgia, whose patriotic enterprise—that of giving in elegant style the most charming views of their native State—was abandoned for want of the proper encouragement in the outset. These views are the most elegant landscape pictures that have ever been engraved in the United States, and we rejoice at the opportunity afforded us of sending them forth through our ample circulation to more than one hundred thousand readers, in every part of the Union. One of them we give in the June number.

INDIAN SCENES AND SKETCHES.

In addition to this, we have in the engravers' hands some fine pictures of Indian Scenes—War-Dances—Hunting-Parties—Portraits of celebrated Indian Chiefs—Noted Indian Graves—Sports and Pastimes among the Indians, &c., &c. So that we shall give a strictly American character to Graham's Magazine, and present in the coming volume, from original American drawings and pictures, the most glorious scenes of every part of our country.

BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

"The Battle-Grounds of America" is a feature of which [illegible]

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

[illegible]

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

[illegible]

MUSIC AND THE FASHIONS.

[illegible]

TERMS.

[illegible]

GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

[illegible]

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST [illegible]

STAMMERING CURED, AND ELOCUTION TAUGHT [illegible]

UMBRELLAS CHEAP.

[illegible]

A. BOLMAR'S BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, WEST CHESTER.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT, SITUATED AT [illegible]

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communication, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase, so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c.
GEORGE W. EATON.
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Somerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Mason, of Somerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a consequence, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.

JAS. O. ROGERS, Methodist Minister,
Mount Horeb, Somerset county, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1839.

Doctor Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried many of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any, benefit.

Respectfully yours,
S. E. FITCH, M. D.,
No. 172 Chesnut street.

We publish the following letter from a sense of duty to the public. It is just such a letter as we should have expected from such a source. We know Dr. Quigly personally, and there is no man in the country, whose opi- [illegible]

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT! THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

[illegible]

PARENTS, MOTHERS PARTICULARLY, READ THE FOLLOWING! JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM [illegible]

[illegible]